Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury and will obey,
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widdow sister,
I will performe it to enfranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well:
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I must perforce; farewell. *Exit Clar.*
Glo. Go treade the path that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here the new deliuered hastings?
Enter Lord Hastings.
Hast. Good time of day vnto my gratious Lord:
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shal Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Hast. More pitty that the Eagle should be mewed,
While keihts and buffards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeede,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,

Tis

Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon:
What is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before and I will follow you. *Exit Ha.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die,
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not an other day to liue
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy
And leaue the world for me to bussell in,
For then Ile marry Warwicks yongest daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent.
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*
Enter Lady Anne with the hearse of Harry the 6.
Lady An. Set downe set downe your honourable Lo:
If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster:
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes,
Lo in those windowes that let foorth thy life,
I powre the helplesse balme of my poore eies,
Curst be the hand that made these fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to doe it.

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